

TOO MUCH ON NOTHING

it is a few hours off
to the right of this house and waiting
like a window on nothing.

A man comes
and tosses a bit of chalk
into the sky
looks up the end of a rifle
and practices
silently. he imagines an explosion
it clears his head one hundred times
his eyes blink every time

he picks up the chalk
and slips it in through his shirt
open at the neck,
leaves the rifle with a tree,
there is a bird in the head of the tree
and it wears this like a man
crippled by
the cries of birds.

But this bird is different
it is the first bird in the sky
after dying

and the man leaves his rifle
under the tree
and starts down
a street past houses
with windows on nothing,
silently
his eyes blinking into
the wind,

-- t. l. kryss

San Francisco, California

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